

THE LOCOMOTIVE ABROAD.

Scenes of Railroad Travel in India—A Station in Africa.

[Wonders of the Railway.]

One of the curiosities of the railroad is seen in descriptions of "Scenes of Railroad Travel in India." The Hindoos arrive at the station four or five hours before the departure of a train. They are always accompanied by friends, sometimes 200 or 300 of them, and the peasant, if his stay is to be for a week or two, generally brings a bag of rice, one of flour, a supply of ghee (butter), and a donkey-load of sugar-cane, for he has heard that provisions are dear where he is going, and wants to live cheaply. But the poor fellow finds at the last moment that the freight charges are such as to turn the tables the other way. He cannot throw away his provisions, and so he pays the bill, with many maledictions and a heavy heart. The natives are not admitted to the station till an hour before the departure of a train, so they squat on their hams outside in the sun, chewing sugar cane, eating sweet-meats and chatting with their friends. The noise, confusion, heat and stench are something wonderful.

When the ticket office is opened the clatter of voices rises to a wild uproar as the crowd rushes in, each man fighting his way as best he can. When the native presents himself at the window he is told that the price of his ticket is, for instance, 1 rupee 6 annas. Now he has all his life been accustomed to be asked one price, and to pay another, and the state of mind of the official may be imagined when he is asked if he will not take 1 rupee 2 annas. If the native does not come to terms at once the policeman at hand gives him a crack with his stick to expedite matters. The Hindoo next rushes to the freight office to get his baggage weighed, and there again he tries to beat down the price. In the meantime the train has arrived and is ready to start; but the locomotive whistles and the bell rings in vain, only one-half the crowd is yet aboard.

If one of the mob wants to find a friend in the crowd, he raises so terrific a yell for him, calling him by name, that the sound drowns even the whistle. It is usually half an hour after the advertised time that the last man is in his place and the train moves off. There are no seats in the cars occupied by the natives. They all sit on the floor, first stripping themselves to the waist. The third and fourth-class cars are, one and all, distinguished by the quiet and fragrance of a monkey-house, the roominess of a henry-barn, and all the picturesqueness derivable from an endless welter of bare brown arms and legs, shaven crowns and shaggy black hair, white cloaks, red wrappers, blue or scarlet caps and turbans, grinning teeth, rolling black eyes, and sharp-pointed noses adorned with silver rings so large that you feel tempted to take them and give a double knock, all exhaling a mingled perfume of coconut oil and overblown humanity so strong as to knock down a fireman.

In Africa the scene is also varied. At the stations every one moves slowly and gently, as if overpowered with drowsiness. In the baggage department there is a dark fellow with a red fez, who pays no attention to the clamors of the crowd who want their baggage checked. Here are men and women selling cards, lettuce and black bread, all eagerly purchased by the passenger. All at once the station agent rings a large dinner-bell which he has been carrying for a half-hour on his shoulder, a guard in red fez closes the doors, the blue gowns and bare feet, the water-jugs and prayer-mats and carpets, the tins and brass-waiters are all stowed away, and, without whistling or puffing, the engine moves out from the shadowy station to the intense white sunshine. At every station there is a loud outcry for water to wash the hands, this being a necessary preliminary to prayer, and the Turks, not wishing to lose any time, pray during most of the trip, while bac meals at incredible prices are to be had at occasional stations.

Comfort for the Bald Head.

[Scientific Exchange.]

According to a French paper there is a German professor who maintains that the reason why the sheep is so intellectually backward and stunted as we know him to be, is that the strain which the growth of his coat imposes on his organism absorbs the entire stock of energy and leaves none to support the mental functions. And so it is with the bear. The sagacity of the animal world, the professor insists, the appanage of the hairless creatures, and he instances the elephant and the serpent in support of his theory.

Extending his observation to inanimate nature, he points out that the grander and loftier mountain summits are totally bare of vegetation, while it is only the tops of the hills and mountains of the second class that are covered with verdure and are susceptible of cultivation. And applying his theory to the human race, the professor undertakes to demonstrate that baldness is a mark of intellectual superiority. It is a result of the intellectual fermentation of the brain, which gradually bulges out the upper surface of the skull. Baldness is not simply loss of hair, as is vulgarly supposed; it is caused by the excess of cerebral energy, which forces the skull through and causes it to grow above the hair.

The Hand of Power.

[Boston Herald.]

What we are all looking for is the hand of power in letters, the hand that can paint a picture or fashion an argument or unfold a story with all the glow and beauty and fascination of a native, and yet in harmony with the universal instincts of literary expression. On this high level the scale is many and the occupants are few, but it is here that the gains of our literature are to be counted and the laurel wreaths are to be bestowed.

Exchange of Compliments.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Sweetest to the sweet," sneered the duke, as he passed the pretty young lady boarder the sugar.

"The cure like," she replied, handing him the cold veal.

CONSUMMATION.

[A. A. Goodridge in The Current.]
Within a valley, kept by sleeping hills
From noise and madness of the far-off world,
A singer dwelt. The voice of torrent
Whirled
Through rock-crevices, myriad thrills
Of wind-blown woodland, gush of joy which
spills
From bird-heart overfull, sweet echoes
swirled
From peak to peak, the cricket's note that
trills
His evening lay when every wing is
furled—

All these he knew and gladly would he teach
In lovely song, but lacked one needful
tone.
Long sought in vain until a sea-worn beach
He found, and, standing on a shore un-
known,
Heard the wild music that no art can reach,
Gray ocean making its eternal moan.

REMEDIES FOR HUMAN PASSIONS.

What a Homeopathic Physician Proposes

[To Do in Science.]

[Caligann's Messenger.]

A physician of the homeopathic school at Lyons professes, seriously, to have discovered a remedy for human passions—those moral diseases, such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, avarice, etc., which render so many homes unhappy. On a pamphlet to show "how homeopathy may improve the character of a man and develop his intelligence," he gives some wonderful instances of the cures alleged to have been effected by his special treatment, which he declares to be infallible.

In one case, a suspicious, jealous and violent husband who had ill-treated his wife for a period of sixteen years was cured, unconsciously to himself, by a few globules of nux vomica dropped quietly into his broth, and his wife was soon delighted to hear him humming some operatic airs and addressing her as, "cherie," "ma pou poule," etc. After a few days' experience of this regime the terrible barbed wire was transformed into the tenderest of husbands. By a skillful alternation of other medicines a rascally husband was corrected of his inherent faults and willful outbursts of anger. A miserly father, on being subjected to a few doses of calcaria carbonica, gave his consent to his daughter's marriage, which he had previously resisted. By the same medicine, varied in its preparation, a young student, who was backward in mathematics, was enabled to master the science without further study. The calcaria carbonica, it will be noted, cured a miser and a dolt—both suffering from the tyranny of sums and figures.

The Lyons physician has an antidote for every thing: nux vomica for jealousy, sulphur for drunkenness, salica for obstinacy, arsenicum album for malice, and belladonna for imbecility. Those patients who do not happen to be laboring under these infirmities and for whom the remedies just mentioned might be prescribed for other ailments, will probably protest against their use. But unhappy partners, who believe in the efficacy of this latest application of the science of homeopathy, may be tempted to resort to it as a means of avoiding a divorce, and certain husband-in-law its aid against their mothers-in-law.

Maine's Curious Mounds.

[New York Post.]

"The curious part of this shell-heap business," said a native of Newcastle who had joined the party, "is that, though here is a heap containing millions of oyster shells, there is not an oyster bed to be found on the coast of Maine to-day, and not alone this, but here are these shells ten miles from the sea, up this river, where oysters would not live under any circumstances; so it seems that they were brought here at least ten miles in boats, and as there are enough here to have taken several large boats a number of years to bring them, it is evident that the heap is the result of the work of a lifetime of some race or people."

"Absolutely nothing is known about the mounds. When the very first settlers came here the mounds were just as they are now, and the great trees were growing up from them just as now. The mounds of Pemaquid are similar to these and in the earliest chronicles of that place there is nothing to throw the faintest light upon their history. Here they were when the country was first discovered by the whites, and the only theory that we can entertain is that they are the works of the very ancient New England tribes of Indians."

Uses of the Passion Flower.

[Scientific American.]

According to Dr. George W. Winterburn, the therapeutic uses of the white passion flower resembles the bromides on one hand and gelsemium on the other. It is one of our best hypnotics, producing a quiet, pleasant sleep altogether different from the comatose stupor of morphia, and from which the patient may be aroused at any moment. It may be given in doses of two or three drops of the tincture or low dilution. Even in the worst form of sleeplessness, that associated with suicidal mania, this drug will produce quiet slumber, from which the patient awakens with clear mind and rational thoughts. In its control of convulsion, passidora closely resembles gelsemium. It will be found of service in opisthotonos, trismus and tetanus.

Keep Out the Cold.

[Scientific American.]

Cracks in floors, around the mould board, or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

Country Road Making.

[Geneva (Hk.) Patrol.]

The time to gravel a road is in the winter. We do not say that it is always and in all places the best, but it can be well done then; and there are a few of the reasons: Teams are more cheaply hired; larger loads can be hauled; the wagon box can be more easily filled, because the shoveler does not have to raise the dirt so high; cold weather prevents much loafing—a man must work or freeze.

Wildness of Hindu Legends.

[All the Year Round.]

Of the Hindu legends the most striking features is their wildness. Is it a protest against the dull monotony of life in India? Or is life less monotonous to the native than to the European? Lal Behari's tales, anyhow, are wilder than the wildest bits of the "Arabian Nights." A young man puts an egg of the toontonia bird into a cupboard, and out of it comes a babe that grows into the loveliest girl the world ever saw. The mannik stone in some snakes' heads is worth the wealth of seven kings. In a certain city an elephant is king-maker; but the king of his choice only reigns a day, for out of the queen's mouth comes a threadlike snake which slays him in the bridal chamber.

A long-lost son, who had fallen in love with his mother, and has mounted the cow house roof that he may break in and carry her off, happily hears his life's story from two eaves that are quietly discussing him below. Ghosts haunt peepul trees, and are as tricky as mediums at a seance. A wife, going out of doors on a dark night, accidentally knocks up against a Sankhinni, white lady ghost, that sat on a low branch. The revengeful creature at once took her by the throat, thrust her into a hole in the tree, and went in, taking her shape so completely that the mother-in-law, that universal inmate of the Hindu, but, was deceived. The only difference was that, whereas the wife had been weak and languid, the ghost was brisk and active. "She has turned over a new leaf; so much the better," said the mother-in-law, when the errands and the cooking were done in next to no time.

But one day the old woman caught sight of the ghost fetching something from the next room ghost fashion, by stretching out a long arm—for ghosts can stretch their limbs a great way, though not as far as Rakshasis can. She said nothing, but told her son, and they watched, and before long they saw the kitchen hearth ablaze, though they knew there was no fire in the house. Looking through a chink they saw that the wife had thrust her foot into the oven, and that it was burning like a bit of wood. "She's a ghost," they whispered as they went for the oja, who tested her by burning turmeric under her nose. She proved her ghostship by screaming, and was then beaten with slippers till she confessed and showed where the real wife was, and was again beaten until she promised never to do the family any further harm. The poor wife must have been a bad bargain after the active ghost, for she was almost dead, and very slowly got back to her usual weak health.

Misconceptions Concerning Whales.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

One of the prevailing misconceptions regarding whales is that they are fishes, when, on the contrary, they are closely allied to the horse and cow, being mammals, and giving milk like them, never taking water in as do fishes, and breathing air just as we do. Another belief held also by old whalers is that whales spout water; this, in fact, is just as much an impossibility as it would be for a man to fill his mouth with water and spout a stream six inches in height through his nose.

There is a special arrangement of valves in the whale to prevent water getting into the nostrils. By a special arrangement of blood vessels, whales are enabled to remain under water, or hold their breath near, if not quite, an hour. The breath during this time becomes heated, and the nostrils filled with mucus. Now, when the whale rushes to the surface, this vapor rushes out of the nostrils with great force, and coming in contact with cold air condenses immediately, and becomes water, and falls in a fine shower-like rain or spray. This may also be intensified by the mucus in the tubes, and if the whale spouts just before it reaches the surface, the intervening water is hurled aloft; but the water is never really forced from the lungs.

Paul Morphy's Chess-Men.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Among the many interesting exhibits to be made at our coming great world's exposition, of peculiar interest to all chess players, will be the often mentioned set of gold and silver chess-men, set with jewels, presented to Paul Morphy by a number of prominent citizens of New York, members of the chess club of that city and others, after his return in 1859 from his triumphal tour in the European chess world. These famous chess-men will form part of the exhibit of curiosities and relics pertaining to the history of the city and state now being collected by the Ladies' City Exhibit association, who, we may add, have also secured and will display a number of other interesting gifts and mementoes of the deceased chess king.

What He Did Find.

[Texas Siftings.]

A countryman from Onion creek, who was on a visit to a friend in Austin, saw gas burning for the first time in his life. He inquired where the gas came from.

"It passes all around, two feet underground," replied his city friend.

Sometime after his return home, the countryman wrote to his city friend:

"I have dug up the earth six feet deep all around my place, but I haven't yet been able to find any gas, but I got dead oodles of worms to go fishing with."

What We Can Say.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"If a child's arms were long enough to touch the sun, and its fingers were burned, the infant would have to be a man over 100 before it knew that its fingers were burned," says a scientist. Well, all we can say is that this would be fortunate for the child.

Philadelphia Call: As ostrich eggs have got up to \$120 a dozen, it is thought they will soon be as fashionable as ostrich feathers for hat trimmings.

Philadelphia Call: John Stuart Mill waited fourteen years for a man to die so he could marry the widow? This is what is called philosophy.

Judge: It's darkies before the dawn," as the farmer observed when he heard a noise in his melon patch at 3 o'clock in the morning.

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